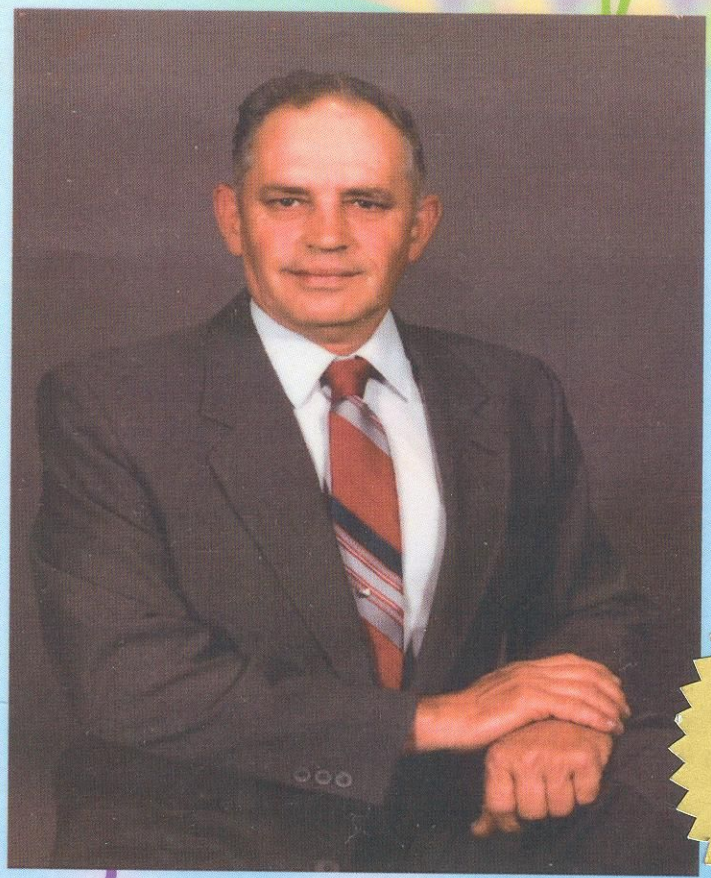
Grandpa



Union County Elementary School
YOUNG AUTHOR

Written by: Rachel Todd

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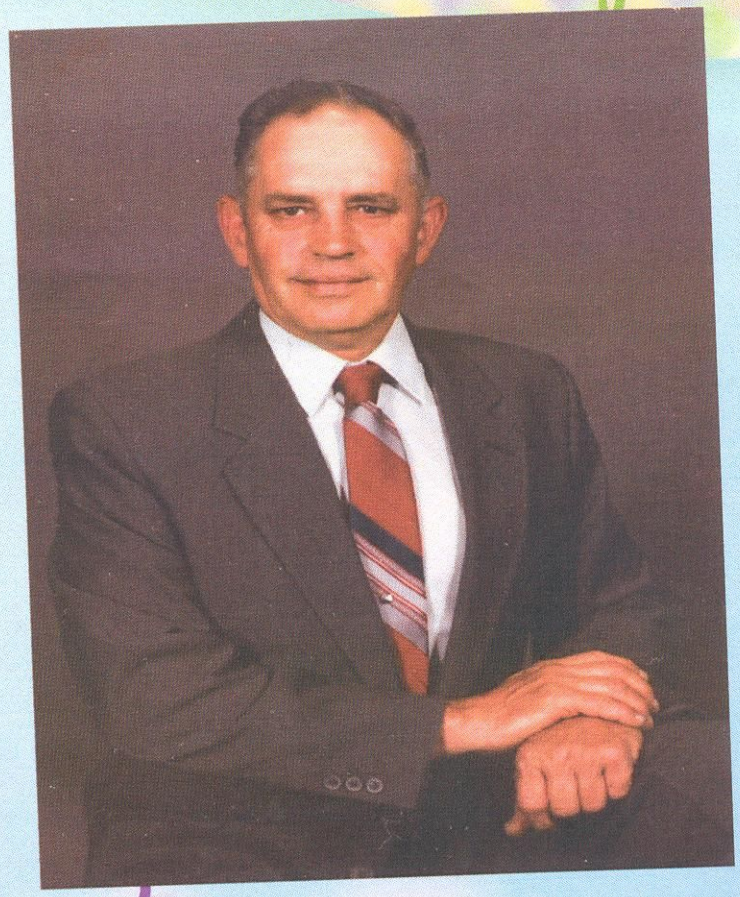
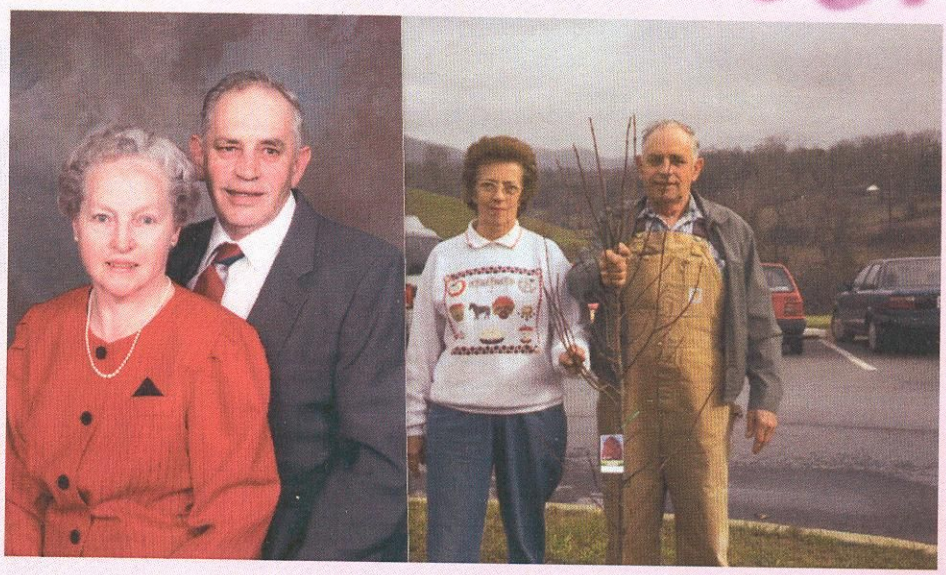
Grandpa

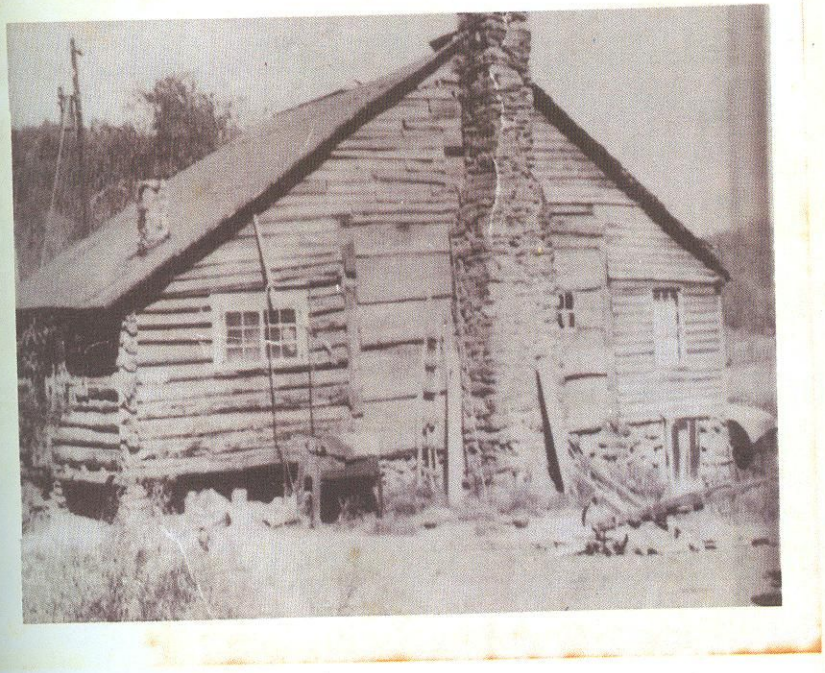


Written by: Rachel Toda

Dedication



In memory of my grandfather I would like to dedicate this book to my beloved grandmother, because this book is about her husband that died this past leap year {2008}. I would also like to dedicate this book to my Aunt Nell, who had given me the information about the childhood life of her brother.



It was moonlight on December 24,1930 when a little boy was born in Clark County, Georgia. His parents were Zura and Alvin Todd, who named him Marion De la Perriere Todd.

Marion grew up in a small log cabin and was the oldest son, third child in the family. He attended a one-room, one-teacher, seven-grade school. There was no electricity in his school or home.

He lived on a large farm and had to work in the fields. He also had to help feed the hogs, cows, chickens, and the mule. He would get up, build a small cooking fire in the wood-burning stove so that his sisters could cook an appetizing breakfast before going to school. Marion would milk the cows while his sisters cooked breakfast.

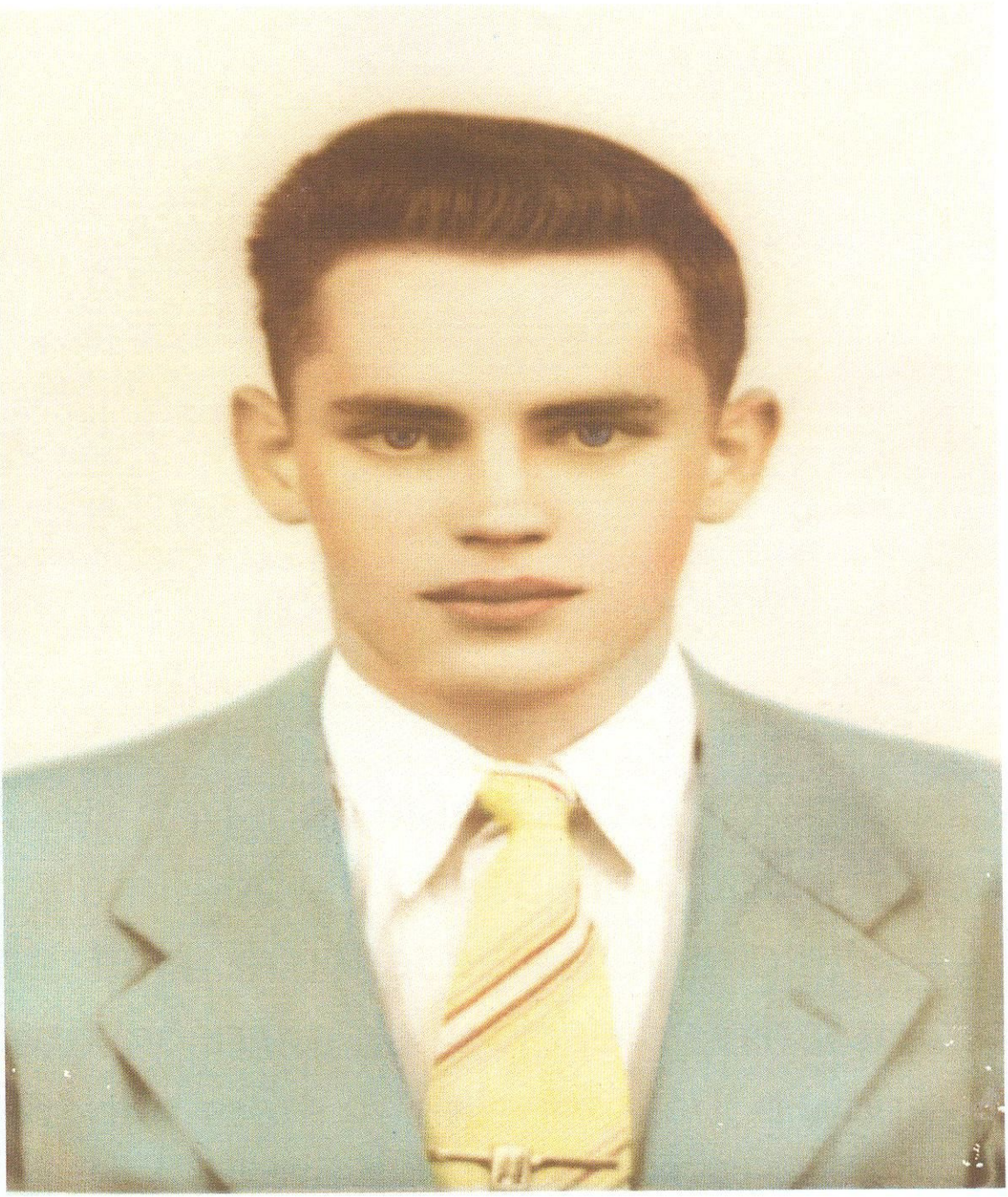
He helped cut wood to be used in the fireplace, stove, and for the iron pot used to wash dirty clothes in. He even cooked some after three of his sisters went off to college. Marion helped cut lush collard greens and cabbage. Then he picked green beans and bell-pepper for their dad, Alvin Todd, to take to the farmer's market in the city of Atlanta. Carrying corn and wheat to the mill was another thing that he did. Marion was very thoughtful, hardworking, and never complained about working.

His younger brother, sisters, and he had fun too. They remember Marion was helping them learn how to swim in the cool stream that ran through their farm.

They would saw down small trees with a crosscut saw to make wooden wheels for their play wagon. Then they would steadily pull their play wagon up the hillside of the mountain and ride it all the way back down. Often times Marion would help find strong grape vines for his sisters to swing on in the sunny woods.

He and his sister, Nell, loved to climb maple trees. One time while swinging on high limbs, he couldn't get back down, for it was a long way to the ground. He yelled loudly {he could be very loud}, and a man in the corn field ran to the tree in which Marion was stuck. He then caught him as he jumped.

Sister Elsie remembers a time that she and Marion pulled up carrots, washed them, then hid them in the woods to be eaten later. However, when they came back to eat them, they were gone. They also hid delicious peaches in old tree stumps. Their mother said that there was no need to hide the food in the woods, and that they could eat it any time.



Marion liked to look good in high school, so he would wash and iron his shirt and dress pants. His sisters did the weekly wash but he wanted freshly washed and ironed clothes.

In 1947, Marion started going to college at Abraham Baldwin College in Tifton. He had a 4-H scholarship that helped him to have the job of working in the dairy close by. That paid his board and room at college. Marion would get up at 4:00 AM to ride his bicycle to the dairy. Hard work like getting up extra early was not a hindrance for him. On weekends, since he didn't have any classes, he would come home and help with the heavy farm and field labor.

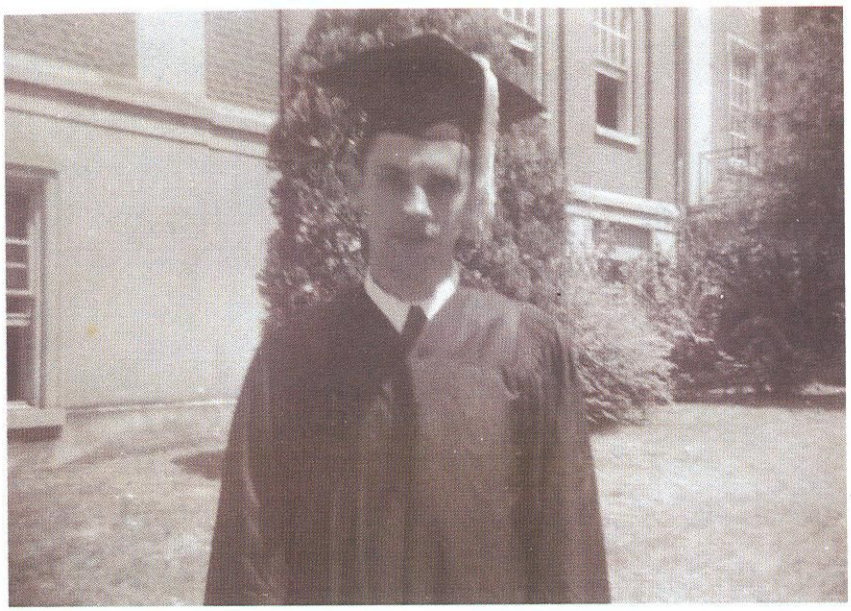
In the year of 1951, Marion quit college and chased after one of his many dreams. That dream was to join the air force and serve his country. During his training, he was recognized and received an award for being one of the top ten students training as a fighting jet pilot.

After receiving this award, Marion's flight instructors agreed that he had an unusual talent. They decided to give him a final lesson prior to sending him to Korea. During his ultimate lesson, Marion knew that he would be able to pass his decisive test-flight. However, his heart couldn't bear to leave a beautiful young lady that had won his heart many times over.

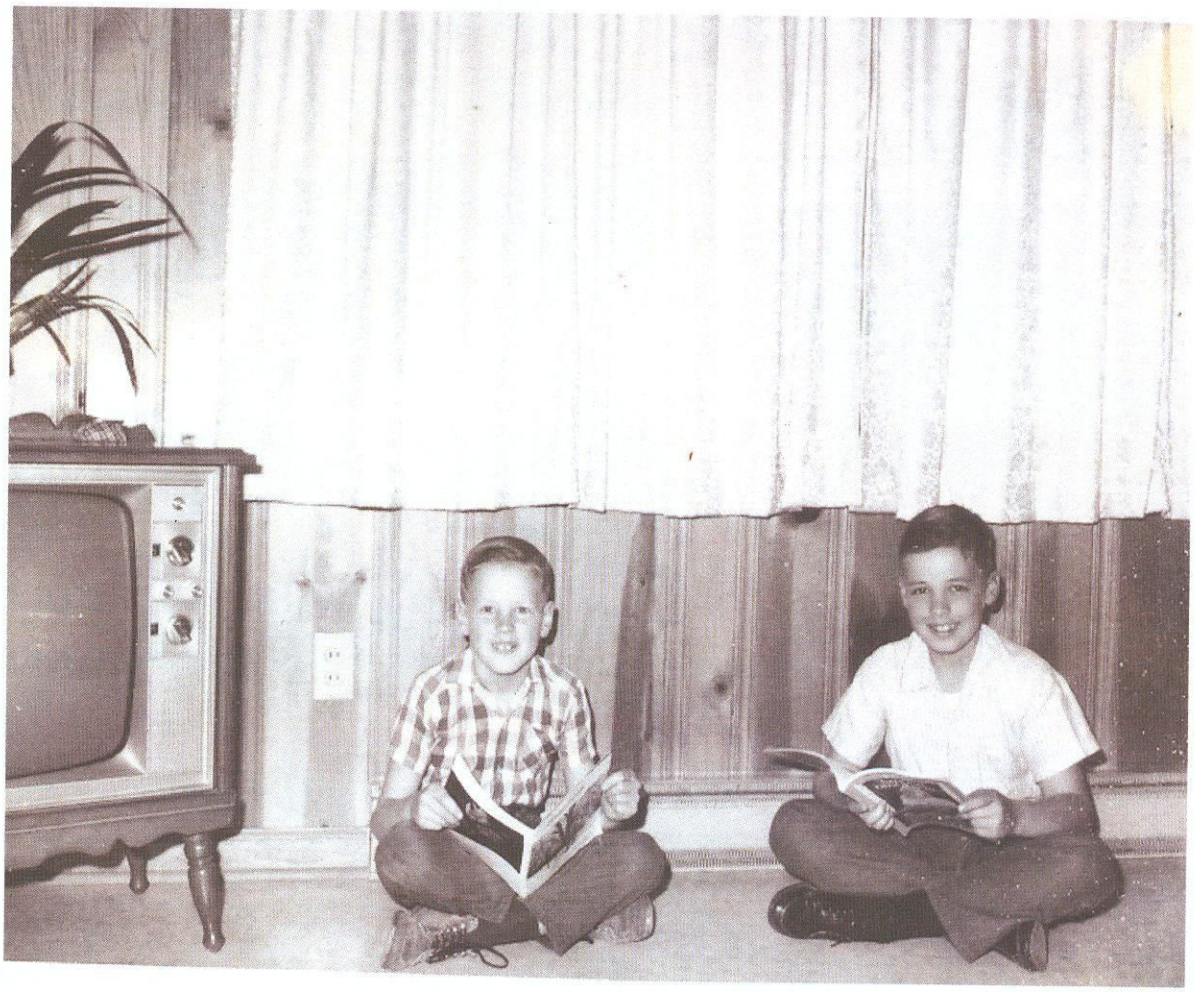
Five months later, he finally won the heart of a Christian lady of his dreams named Claudia Lou Brown. They got married on September 22, 1953 in the courthouse of Blairsville, Georgia.

After Marion and Claudia got married, they moved to his parents' dahlia farm. There they helped with the dahlias and farm work. The couple wound up living there for a long eighteen months until they decided to move to Madison, GA. There they found a wood-framed house and finally got settled down in 1954. The coming cold, hard December 29th, the fruit of their love finally arrived; a stunning blonde, blue-eyed girl was born. Claudia named her Claudia Elaine Todd, partially after herself.

They realized that their little girl was lonely and wanted a "playmate". So, they decided to have another baby. It was on the hot, humid, summer day of June 12,1956 when yet another blonde, brown-eyed girl came into the world. Marion and Claudia named her Maria Annette Todd.



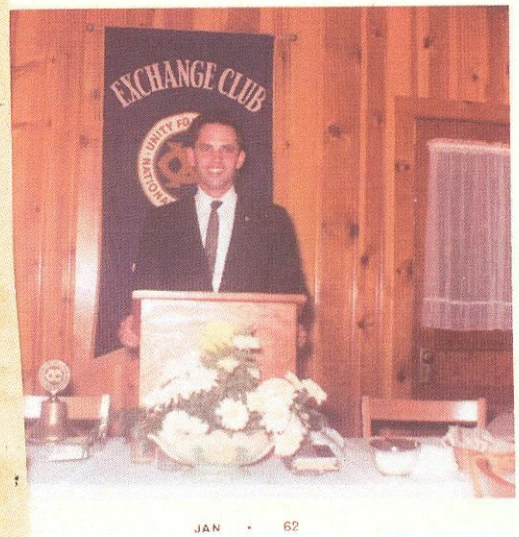
Soon after that, the family was challenged financially, due to having two children. Their income was not enough to provide for the needs of their small family. So, Marion had thought of not giving up on his devotion to finishing college. He then went to the University of Georgia to finish his degree in Agriculture. In spite of having two children, being a devoted father and husband, and working full-time at the creamery, he took night classes. All of his hard work and dedication to studying finally paid off in May of 1957. Marion graduated from the University of Georgia with a degree in Agriculture, specializing in dairy production.



During the cold, snowfallen day of December 15th on that same year, Marion Timothy Todd was born. Two years later, they were blessed with their fourth and final child. Phillip Malcom Todd came into the world on the warm, spring day of May 5th.

Marion Todd Cited For Outstanding ASCS Service

LOCAL ASCS EMPLOYEE CITED FOR OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE



JAN · 62

Jackson, Georgia was the family's new home for 27 memory-filled years beginning in 1960. There he served as the Executive Director of the ASCS {Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service} office for Butts County and remained there for 27 rewarding years. Marion also served as the Chairman of the Water Authority and President of the Exchange Club and the Sportsman's Club, which he organized.

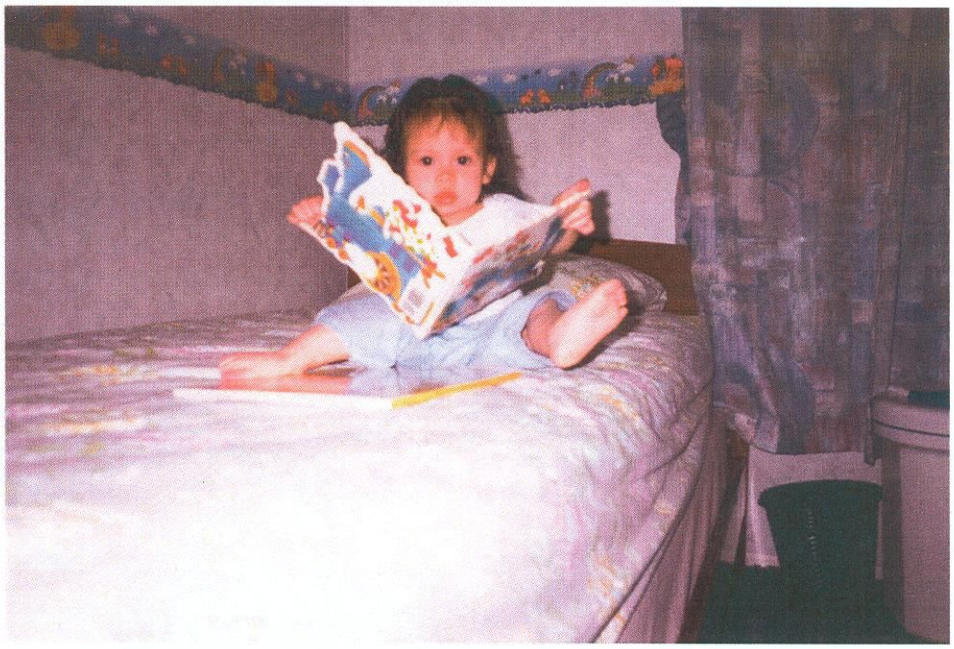
Marion was a beekeeper for many years and was a long-time member of the Mountain Beekeepers of north Georgia and western North Carolina.

In 1984, Marion and his family moved back to Blairsville since most of Claudia's family lived there.

Marion and Claudia have five granddaughters whose names are Jessica, Megan, Rachel {me}, Julie, and Hannah.

Every year Grandpa had a very large vegetable garden with sweet corn, mouth-watering tomatoes, Irish potatoes, and much, much more. He also had several rows of dahlias.

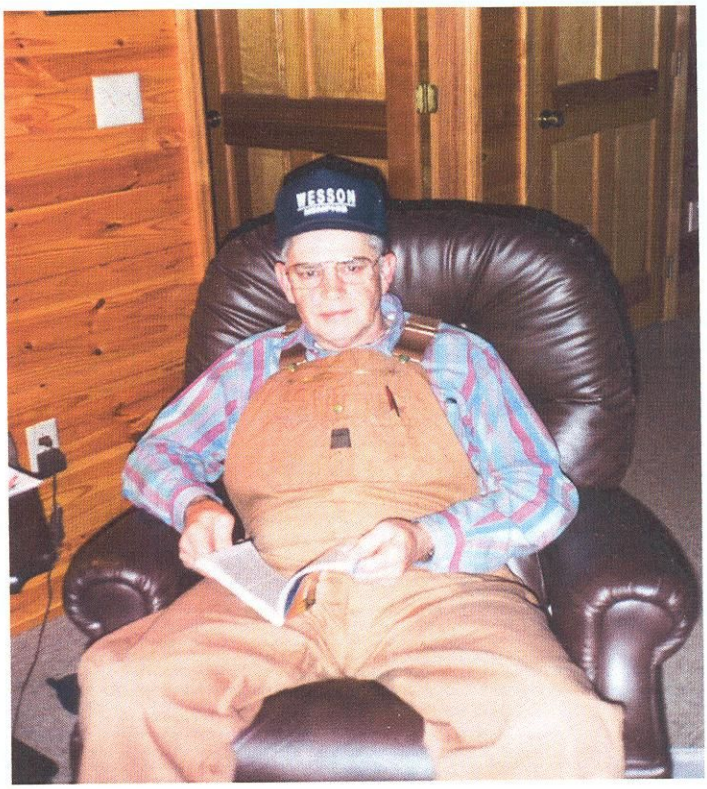
Feeding the birds and squirrels was one of Grandpa's hobbies. He often collected pieces of stale bread and threw it out for the animals.



Living just a mile away from them, I always spent time with my grandparents. Since I was a baby, I've always had a fascination in books. My mom told me that instead of playing with my toys, I preferred to look at colorful picture books.

Whenever I was at my grandparents' house, my favorite thing to do was to grab a book. Then I would sit on Grandpa's lap, take his glasses out of his overall pocket, and carefully place them on his face. Then of course he would read me the book that I handed to him. This became a well-known, custom routine.

When I was five years old I learned how to read. With all of my excitement, I was so pleased to read aloud to Grandpa every chance that I possibly could. He was thrilled to have a five-year-old granddaughter that could read and entertain him. Sometimes we would read the comics in the newspaper together.



One thing Grandpa loved to do was to sit in the living room where the piano was and listen to me play. Sometimes Grandma also came in and we would all sing a church hymn together. Other times he would just sit in the olivaceous couch or in the tan chair and tap his foot to the rhythm.

Another thing that he enjoyed doing was watching either baseball or basketball games on TV. Sometimes I would sit in a recliner and watch the game with him, often telling him the score.

It was June of 2001 when Grandpa felt terribly sick to his stomach. It got so painful that Grandma had to take him to the doctor's office. After the doctor had seen him, he scheduled an exploratory surgery to try to find out what was upsetting Grandpa's stomach so much. As soon as Dr.Dawn started the surgery, he immediately concluded that Grandpa's appendix had exploded because there was poison scattered all across his intestines and other organs. Thankfully, Dr.Dawn was able to carefully scrape all of the poison without cutting any organs.

Ever since then, Grandpa wasn't capable of heavy labor and often took naps. He also slowed down tremendously.

Somehow, Grandpa chipped a bone in his back, and a fragment of it was lodged into a nerve connecting to his leg. Then the bone fragment caused one of his legs to not cooperate. Due to this complication he had to under-go back surgery at Northeast Georgia Medical Center in May of last year {2007}.

It was November of that same year when the heartbreaking news had been announced to the family: Grandpa had been diagnosed with prostate cancer. He then received his first treatment through a shot. Grandpa was taking pills for blood thinning, skipping heart, high blood pressure, and several other things. He also had a machine that he used when he took a nap that helped him breathe better. Our family had noticed that Grandpa had gotten weaker and easily fell asleep.

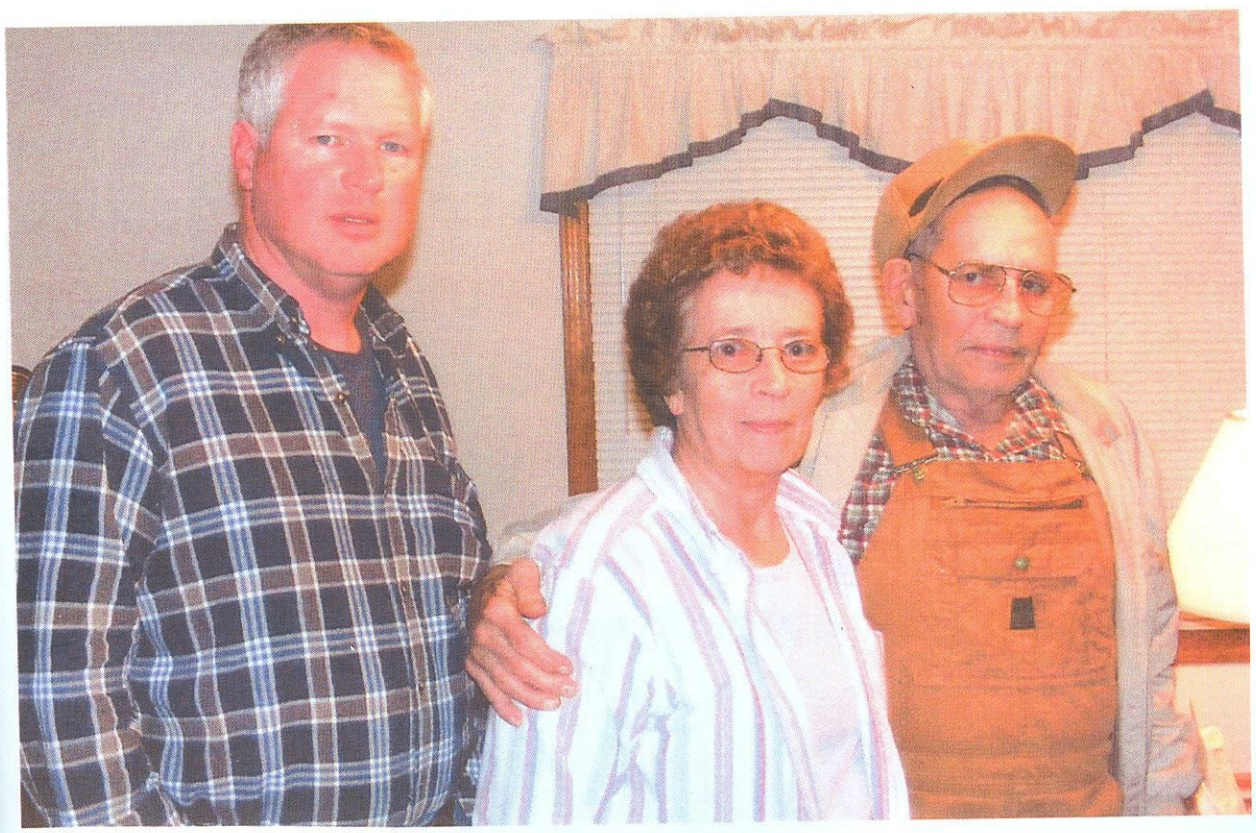
The following month Grandma took Grandpa to the doctor to have an x-ray done on his lungs, and the doctor had found some spots on his lungs. Just to make sure every thing was alright they made an appointment for a biopsy in Blue Ridge on February 19th. That same day the doctors wouldn't let Grandpa out of the hospital because his blood pressure wouldn't stabilize. The next day the hospital released and allowed him to go home.

Friday of the following week Grandpa had mostly slept on his brown, leather recliner. At around 5:40 he decided to get up and feed the squirrels. He walked to the other building to get some corn. Having the TV on and fixing supper, Aunt Elaine noticed that Grandpa wasn't sitting on his recliner. She then saw that several lights were on in the storage building. Aunt Elaine rushed to find out where Grandpa was and unexpectedly found him unconscious sitting on his knees with his hands grasping his neck.

Urgently she started sprinting as fast as she could to the phone to call 911 followed by my dad. It just happened that Sheriff Scott Stephens lived right down the road. He responded to the call ahead of everyone else. When Daddy received the panic-stricken call from his sister, he quickly got into his car and drove fast, but carefully, until he got there. The ambulance then came and took Grandpa to the emergency room followed by Grandma and Daddy.

When they got to the ER, they heard the devastating news that Grandpa, because of a heart attack, had passed on. Heartbroken, tired, weary, and forlorn Grandma and Daddy went home.

At home, curious and worried, I tried to keep myself busy by making posters for summer music camp. It was around 8:00 PM when Mama and Daddy finally drove into the garage. Mama came into my room. She gave me a warm, caring, comforting hug and told me that Grandpa was gone.



Sudden or slow, disease-filled or not, death is always hard to accept, especially for the immediate family. Grandpa left behind a great amount of loved-filled, joyous, and wonderful memories to his family, friends, and loved ones.

Beyond all of these things I positively know, without a doubt, that Grandpa is in heaven, walking down the streets of gold, talking to and praising the Lord Almighty, and enjoying eternal and everlasting life. Grandpa will definitely still be in our hearts, and he is truly missed!

He was a wonderful, loving, caring, great, thoughtful, special ,and one in a million grandpa.

MARION D. TODD

Mr. Marion D. Todd, age 77 of Blairsville, GA, passed away Friday, February 29,2008.

Mr. Todd was born Wednesday, December 24,1930 in Clark County, GA to the late Alvin Todd and the late Zura Gooch Todd. He was raised in Gaddistown, and had lived in Jackson, GA for 25 years before moving back to Blairsville in 1984.e was a member of Track Rock Baptist Church and was preceded in death by a sister, Eddie Mae Burke.

Survivors include: wife, Claudia Todd of Blairsville ,GA, daughter, Elaine Todd of Blairsville, GA, daughter & son-in-law, Maria and Jesse Price of Woodstock, GA, son & daughter-in-law, Timothy and Sheila Todd of Dawsonville, GA. son and daughter-in-law, Phillip and Cynthia Todd of Blairsville, GA, brother, George Todd of Madison, IN, sister Nell Brown of Blairsville, GA, sister, Elsie Daniels of Macon, GA, sister, Thelma Sudderth of Woodstock, GA, granddaughters. Jessica Price, Megan Todd, Julie Todd, Rachel Todd, and Hannah Todd, and many nieces and nephews.

Marion Todd graduated from Woody Gap School in 1947. He was in the Air Force during the Korean War, and married Claudia Brown of Balirsville in 1953. He graduated from the University of Georgia in 1957 with a degree in agriculture specializing in dairy production. He moved to Jackson, GA in 1960 when he became the Executive Director of teh ASCS office for Butts County, and remained there for 27 years. He served as chairman of the Water Authority in Butts County. He sreved as President of the exchange Club and the Sportsman's Club, which he organized.

Mr. Todd was a beekeeper for many years, and was a long-time member of the Mountain Beekeepers of North Carolina and Western North Carolina. After moving to Union County, he volunteered as a child advocate for the Dept. of Family and Children's Services. He served as a board member of the Union County Farm Bureau for many years, and on the Track Rock Baptist Church cemetery committee. Mr. Todd was an active member of the Union County FFA Alumni Association and volunteered in many activities for the Union County School FFA.

Funeral Services were held Monday, March 3, 2008 at 11;00 from the Track Rock Baptist Church with the Rev. Denny Moss and the Rev. Wade Plott officiating. Music was provided by the Track Rock Church choir, Rev. Denny Moss, and Calvin Collins. Serving as pallbearers were nephews Edward Gibson, David Brown, Hal Brown, Lark Bragg, Bruce Holliday, and Jeff Holliday. Interment followed in the Track Rock Baptist Church cemetery.

About the Author

Rachel Irene Todd was born on August 3rd, 1997. She lives in Blairsville, Georgia and goes to Union County Academy. She is in 5th grade. Her best friends are Ashley Rowe, Raven Heyer, Amber Sykes, Hannah Quigley, and many, many others. In her spare time, she loves to play the piano, read, garden, and play outside. She loves and misses her Grandpa very much.

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In Loving Memory

IN LOVING MEMORY
Marion D. Todd

DATE OF BIRTH
Wednesday, December 24, 1930
Clark County, Georgia

DATE OF DEATH
Friday, February 29, 2008
Union County, Georgia

TIME AND PLACE OF SERVICE
11:00 A.M. Monday, March 3, 2008
Track Rock Baptist Church

CLERGY
Rev. Wade Plott
Rev. Denny Moss

MUSIC
Rev. Denny Moss, Calvin Collins
Track Rock Church Choir

INTERMENT
Track Rock Baptist Church Cemetery

SURVIVORS

Wife ..... Claudia Todd
Daughter ..... Elaine Todd
Daughter & Son-in-Law ..... Maria & Jesse Price
Son & Daughter-in-Law ..... Timothy & Sheila Todd
Son & Daughter-in-Law ..... Phillip & Cynthia Todd
Brother ..... George Todd
Sister ..... Nell Brown
Sister ..... Elsie Daniels
Sister ..... Thelma Sudderth

Granddaughters,
Jessica Price, Megan Todd, Julie Todd,
Rachel Todd and Hannah Todd
Many Nieces and Nephews

PRECEDED IN DEATH BY

Mother ..... Zura Gooch Todd
Father ..... Alvin Todd
Sister ..... Eddie Mae Burke

PALLBEARERS

Edward Gibson — Bruce Holliday
Jeff Holliday — Hal Brown
Lark Bragg — David Brown — Harold Collins